

MOSCOW, AS RUSSIA'S NEW CAPITAL, WILL AID THE REPUBLIC

Far Less German Than Petrograd and Substantia Elements of Population Will Have More to Say About Government

By COSMOS MINDELEFF.

REMOVAL of the seat of government from Petrograd to Moscow, the ancient capital and the true heart of Russia, will be hailed by all well wishers of that much troubled country as an important step toward the stability which Russia must attain before she can hope to take her place again among the nations. Moscow is far more Russian, far less German than Petrograd, in the new capital there will be opportunity to develop the feeling of nationality which alone can save Russia.

So well was this recognized by the true friends of Russia, before as well as after the revolution, that the project of removing the capital to Moscow was strongly urged soon after the war began, more than three years ago, and has been advocated many times since. Despite the success of the Germans in the Gulf of Riga, Petrograd is in no special military peril at the moment, and the official announcement by the Government that it intends to move very soon must be interpreted as taking advantage of an opportunity to deal a fatal blow at the power and influence of the Bolshevik or extremists of the Radical and Socialist parties. It is a safe prediction that in the great industry with its sturdy Russianism, derived largely from its affiliations with the peasant class, who constitute half its population and 95 per cent. of the people of Russia, these extremists will find themselves an insignificant minority.

In Petrograd the Bolsheviks, recruited almost entirely from the proletariat, are able to build the Socialistic Government into almost anything they desire. In Moscow the substantial elements in the population will have much more to say; so much more indeed that the extremists will gradually fade out of the field. Evidently they themselves realize this, for only two days after the formal announcement of the intention to transfer the Government to Moscow the Soviet of Petrograd, otherwise the Council of Soldiers and Workmen's Delegates, protested to Premier Kerensky against the removal and announced it would in any case remain in Petrograd "until the last moment."

Moscow the Heart of Russia.

Long before the war, for centuries indeed, the political atmosphere of Petrograd has been strongly German, perhaps even more strongly since the degradation of war than before. The horde of hangers-on and retainers about the court of the Czar were mostly German. Members of the Government, officials in the various palaces, the huge office holding class or so-called bureaucrats, all were German, Russian and, and the Emperor himself, as recent revelations have shown, was open to the same charge.

There is no city in any of the Entente countries which is so overruled by Germans more or less connected with the Berlin Government as Petrograd, and none where they have so much freedom of action. It is the paradise of German spies. Under the empire they found sympathy and aid in all walks of life, extending even to the throne itself. Under the revolution they find an even more active assistance among the industrial extremists and socialist dreamers who in the blind pursuit of their impossible ideals have brought Russia to her present plight.

Much of this, it is believed, will be eliminated when the Government is reestablished in the ancient Kremlin at Moscow. To the ardent optimist that step would seem to be the most important taken since the revolution. In that it bears the promise that Russia is about to get upon her feet after six months of groping in the dark. At least it is a move in the right direction.

Moscow is much more than the second city of Russia in point of size. In all other respects it is the first, and has been for 600 years. In it centre all the aspirations of the Russian people. To the great mass of the population Moscow is Russia.

Is Religious Centre.

It was the religious centre of the empire, and is so to-day. It is the home of Russian science and literature and of education, the Mecca on which all young and ardent spirits fix their eyes. The great University of Moscow has nearly 5,000 students and the city is the home of more kinds of technical and professional schools than any other in Europe. Finally in a commercial way Moscow is also the heart of Russia.

The heart of the city is the Kremlin. There are Kremlins, or citadels, in many Russian cities, some of them of considerable historical importance, but the Kremlin is the great structure in Moscow where, it has been decided, the Government is to have its new home. It is the acropolis of old Moscow, the most venerated place in the Holy City, the centre from which has radiated for centuries the religious and intellectual aspirations of the people. There, if anywhere, Russian freedom and Russian nationality will find a congenial atmosphere for their development and growth.

The origin of Moscow is lost in the mists of the ages. Far back in the historical period, it was an important centre of the Merja and Mordvin tribes, whose remains are numerous in the neighborhood. The first historical mention was in A. D. 1147; at that time it was a populous city. The Kremlin is a fortress pertaining to those early days. To-day it is still a fortress, occupying the whole top of a



GENERAL VIEW OF MOSCOW, THE KREMLIN IN THE BACKGROUND.



NEW ARCADES, CALLED THE MOSCOW BAZAARS.

hill about 130 feet above the river which divides the modern city. It is almost triangular in shape, about 600 acres in extent, enclosed by a high stone battlemented wall about a mile and a half long, with nineteen towers and five great gates, about each of which clusters a wealth of historical associations.

Within the Kremlin are many sacred buildings, of which perhaps the most widely known is the Uspenski Cathedral, originally erected in 1228, but rebuilt in 1475-79. It has been burned four times, the first time only five years after it was finished and the last when Napoleon took the city, but after each disaster it has been restored.

It contains the oldest and most venerated holy pictures in Russia and numerous other sacred relics closely associated with momentous periods of Russian history. In this cathedral all the Czars of Russia since Ivan IV. have been crowned.

Just across the square stands the Arsenal Cathedral, erected in 1222 and rebuilt in 1365-69. It contains the tombs of the Czars who died between 1340 and 1696. The Blagoveshchenski Cathedral, dating from 1397 but rebuilt in 1484-89 and restored in 1896, was the private chapel of the Czars, in it they were baptized and married.

In its yard are vestiges of a very old church, the Saviour of the Woods, which goes back to the time of the foundation of Moscow. There are innumerable other sacred buildings in the Kremlin, any one of which would

be notable if it stood alone. Moscow is in fact the original city of churches. Another building which doubtless will be much in the news in the near future is the great palace of the Czars, a huge structure of white stone and

gold, erected in 1538-49. Probably this will be used as a Parliament building when Russia acquires a real Parliament.

It contains the treasury, rooms built by the Czar in 1538 for his sons and

since preserved as a memorial of the domestic life of the emperors of the seventeenth century. Within the walls also are numerous public museums, actually overflowing with stores of all periods, extending far back into the past, carriages, etc. It is doubtful if

anywhere else in the world there is such a mass of historical relics. Around the Kremlin as a nucleus the modern city of Moscow grew up in well defined quarters, some of which date back beyond the sixteenth century. Of these the most important is the Kitay-Gorod, originally the Chinatown of Moscow, which comprises 121 acres and is today the chief commercial section of the city.

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Seat of Opposition to Czar.

The famous Red Square, half a mile long, which adjoins the Kremlin, was formerly the forum, market and place of execution. At the lower end is the noted church of Vasil the Wonderful, otherwise the Volskrenski Cathedral, one of the wonders of Moscow.

Began by Ivan the Terrible in 1554 it was not completed until 1874. It is a fantastic structure, with a multitude of towers, each different from the others, representing in form and color pomegranates, melons and other fruits and vegetables.

The streets of the Kitay-Gorod are the queerest melange of fine buildings and shacks that are little more than hovels, often side by side. On the one side are the houses, a triple block of buildings of sandstone are to be seen at a cost of nearly \$10,000,000, and the Gostiny Dvor, a group of buildings divided into 1,200 shops, and not far away the Treflitskiy Bazaar, or old clothes market, where the poorest dealers hawk on the second-hand trade.

Not the least interesting building in this quarter is the House of the Romanovs, rebuilt and refurbished in 1879 on exact historical lines, a picture of the early days of the dynasty that ruled Russia for centuries and was extinguished in the revolution of last March.

It was the intense Russian feeling

YAPHANK BENNIE'S TROUBLES END IN KITCHEN POLICE DETAIL

CAMP Upton, Sunday, Oct. 21.

FRIEND BARNIE: As far as I am concerned I would go ahead and marry the widow and her four year old boy after all if it was you, Barney. I know it is a dangerous thing to advise a man whether or not he should ought to marry but I am right here to say that if married life, widow or no widow, had anything on the army then give me double blessings.

Barney, to-night is Sunday and here I am out here in this damnable army camp all because I aint got the right fit in my pants. I was give my uniform yesterday but not being particular note about this stuff anyhow I let a lot of these East Side bums crowd in ahead of me and when I got in there where they were giving out the uniforms there wasn't anything left in the line of army pants except a pair that would just about have fit Fatty Arbuckle.

Well I got sore and I said to the corporal in charge this is a fine lot of business double crossing me like

And he said if they dont fit you leave em. You dont have to take em. And I said Your right I dont have to take em. Eat em and see if I care. Then this big stuff got fresh and I said Who do you think you are Bitch General Bell or what. You'll find out all right, he said. What do you want to do, take em or leave em. Eat em, I said. And just like that I gathered up the rest of my uniform and stuff and beat it up stairs.

So having nothing but my regular city pants I couldn't get my uniform and had to spend the whole day around here. But Barney there going to be a corporal get caught in a jam around these pants and he aint going to be me. Eh what am I right, Barney.

There goes the sargeant whistle, so no long.

He Complains to Gerlie.

Sunday night, Oct. 21. **DEAR GERLIE:** Well, Gerlie old girl your old Wiz is trying to be cheerful tonight but I am having a pretty hard time doing it much. I expected to be with you right now but here I am out here wishing I were anywhere else if you were only there. Im all out of luck Gerlie and the army has been hitting below the belt.

I was playing the company piano today because the boys keep after me

about three fourths of the time to give me some of the old jazz tune stuff and of course I want to accommodate them. But honest Gerlie my music made me so sad I almost wanted to cry. I just naturally kept playing sentimental stuff and letting my art go where ever it would.

When I got through and come up here to my bunk I got thinking about you and I just dashed off a little poem for you, Gerlie. I didnt spend any time on it and it come easy and free. If I had the time I could work up a melody for it that would be a heart out but since Im in the army I will never really have the time to work on my art as I should have to do it in right.

TO THE SWEETEST GIRL IN HAVANA. I am sitting in the moonlight. Dearest Gerlie mine. I wish I had you here.

Beside me all the time. For its loneliness down here Gerlie. And my heart just longs for you. Wont you come to see me Gerlie. Or send me something, Gerlie do.

This is only for your own eyes, Gerlie, but old pieces like this sometimes are published years after a man dies, and it is just as well as not to always be on the safe side.

I have practically got all my uniform, Gerlie, but I have found out that the gov dont issue sweaters. I think a rich, wealthy government like America should be ashamed of itself to expect its soldiers who have offered their lives in the draft not to furnish them with sweaters and other necessary comforts, like sweaters. The American people should certain ought to do something about it.

Well, Gerlie, tra la.

Your old WIZ.

He Grows Philosophic.

Sunday eve, Oct. 21. **DEAR MAMA:** Two big disappointments coming down on me all at once have almost made me wish I was back in little old Manhattan, Mama, but disappointments are bound to come in any soldiers life and when I decided I would serve in this army I made up my mind to take things as they go. As I telegraphed you they wouldnt let me get that furling for over Sunday because my uniform was shy the pants. They wanted to give me a pair that didnt fit me anywhere near so I decided Id rather wait and get a pair that fitted me fine than not. By next Saturday I should have them fine and then Ill do the great disappearing act of old here.

The other disappointment was about

my new army song. When the Jazz Band Plays The Marshalls. Friday night the Colonel was coming over and I was going to play it for him and then dedicate it to him, but as I wrote you I had meditated inspection instead. I was awful discouraged at first but you know your Binnie isnt much on this discourage stuff so I am O. K. now.

Mama, dont you go to worrying any about me down here because I am doing fine and glad that I am one of those who was willing and ready to come and even happy that they turned down my exemption claim. I wouldnt go back and sell neckties all day long for twice the \$18 I was getting and while the old Folies cabaret looks good to me from here I wouldnt play there every night like I did for four hours for \$2 and supper not for twice that amount. Honest Ma, the army aint so bad and its fine for a fellow who has always been indoors all the time like I.

Dont worry, Mama, and Ill see you Saturday sure. Your own BENNIE.

The Muse Strs Bennie.

CAMP Upton, Tuesday. **FRIEND BARNIE:** I am asking you to do something that I would not ask any body else in the world that I know to do for me. Barney, in writing my song hits I always told you about them first and now I want you to return the favor on some poetry that I am writing. I am just about through with song writing, Barney, and I think my real life is verse. There is going to be some prizes down here for the best army poem written here and I am getting in practice for it.

Now, Barney, here is what I want you to do. I want you to give me the low down on this stuff of mine and hand it to me straight. Then I want you to pick out which of these lines is the best, because unless you have a big punch in the last line of anything it wont ever go very big.

TO THE QUEEN OF 12TH STREET.

Gerlie she has stole my heart. Welcome little thief I say. She has shot me with her dart. (Now pick, Barney)

Gerlie, lightning like a ray

Or when I thought Twas but in play. Or when I think this is the bear cat. (Barney)

O, death where is thy sting to-day.

Now I trust you Barney not to say anything about this to anybody and especially not to Her. I certainly am going to shock her some when I shoot

this at her. Eh, what am I right, Barney? Will expect to hear from you with the poem in a day or two. In haste. Your old friend,

BENNIE.

Oyez: Oyez: The Pants.

Same night.

Barney: I just got done mailing my letter with the poem and I just remembered I forgot to tell you what I was going to.

Barney, it looks now as if I was going to get my army pants O. K. so that I could get home with all my bells on Saturday afternoon, but I am afraid that this corporal that I had the jam with is going to gum me up and keep me here. The regulations is that no rocky can go home unless he has full army suit and this corporal may hold out them pants on me so that I will have to stay here another Sunday.

Now just to make sure that I dont get anything ripped shipped over me, I want you to send me a telegram calling me home. You can fix it up any way you want to only dont forget to make it good and strong. Dont have of the family dead unless you think it advisable. Most of the boys here just have some one very sick, but I will leave that to your own judgment. Send wire early Friday. Yours

BENNIE.

He Buys Mama a Bond.

Wednesday. **DEAR MAMA:** It is raining and blowing out doors to-day and our big celebration over the Liberty Loan has been all drowned out. However we have been having a pretty good time in the barracks playing the piano and singing. I am about the only one of the soldiers around here that the boys like to hear play so I am kept busy entertaining them. But I dont mind it, Ma, and it keeps me in good practice.

Havent had time to work on my new army song much yet but will do it soon. Will have a surprise for you one of these day, Mama, but I will not tell you what it is only this you know you used to say that youd let I could write fine poetry. I will certainly give you a shock.

But this is what I wanted to say Mama, its just that I have bought you a bond and am going to present it to you as soon as I get it. I am, letting the Government take it out of my soldier pay \$5 a month for nine months and \$475 for the tenth month, but I am really going to make my song hit pay for it and a lot more two. Our

company has raised \$10,000 just by itself toward the bonds and thats enough to buy our own guns and equipment with.

That shows what us fellows in the army think of old Uncle Sam, dont it, Ma.

An feeling fine and have gained three pounds. We are getting fine meals and I am liking it great. Honest, Mama, I dont care now if I did come down here now.

Will see you sure Saturday.

Love to you and all, BENNIE.

The Big Night Approaches.

THURSDAY NIGHT. **DEAR GERLIE:** Well your old Jazz-Tune WIZ will be in town Saturday night sure and of course you know what that means to I and you, Gerlie old girl. I want you to pick out any place in the old town that you want to go-theatre, dinner, supper, bus riding, anything. I understand that there is a dandy movie at the Strand this week, but that is only a passing suggestion.

Knitting certainly is getting to be the great indoor sport among the dames this season. It certainly is fine for the soldiers, too.

Oh you Strand. Bone pure (French, Gerlie, for goodbye).

Corporal, Beware!

THURSDAY NIGHT.

BARNIE: It dont look as if that boob of a Corporal is going to get me my army pants so be sure and send me a wire as soon as you get this letter. Say this in it Mother sick father hasnt been home four nights. Come once. Safe.

Now that is just ten words, Barney and I am sending you stamps for it. The price is only 25 cents but I am send 13 to make it even.

Barney I aint such of a hell of a fighter and not so very big for my size and built but one of these days Ill beat this Corporal if I get shot for it. Am I right Barney?

Will see you Saturday night.

BENNIE.

The Pants Arrive at Last.

Friday, 1:15 p. m.

FRIEND BARNIE: Just got my right pants, Barney, so if you get this in time dont send the wire. You can return the stamps at your convenience.

It certainly took me a long time to get fixed out in my uniform but it looks great now. The pants fit me like

the army pants you see in a show and I look like a million dollars when I get all dolled up. But that Corporal and I are going to jam yet. When he gave me my army pants he said Well, President Wilson here your tailor made pants.

All right General Bell, I said, if they dont fit you can eat em and I hope you choke.

Then I walked away and tried on em and they fit fine. So I wont need the telegram and Ill be in tomorrow sure.

P. S. Barney a boy just delivered your wire and I guess in order to knock em dead and make sure Ill use it anyway. Some misterpiece that Mother sick father hasnt been home four nights. Come once. Am I right Barney?

Oh, Such a Saturday.

SATURDAY A. M.

BENNIE: I certainly would advise you now to marry that widow, son or no son, and whatever you do be sure and have the license dated back. This army life is hell and the way I feel now I would desert for about 20 cents and never show up again around here.

What do you think happened, just to make sure that I would get my furling I took that telegram down stairs and give it to that fresh Corporal and he took it in to the Captain. When he came out he said.

Well I guess your old man ought to be home by this time and your mother ought to be better.

I seen right away that he had gummed up the works and I said You double crossed me. And just then the first sergeant come along and heard me bawling out this Corporal and he stuck in his ear and then the Captain come out of his room and it ended by me getting 6 days kitchen police to do extra. I have to clean up all the pans and stuff around the kitchen and do a lot of dirty work, and for about 40 cents Id desert.

Dont ever send me any more wires whatever you do Barney. BENNIE.

P. S. Please phone Gerlie and the family that I cant come home. Just tell em that I had to take part in a big parade or something like that and whatever you do Barney dont ever offer yourself for no draft army Barney.

P. S. Well be down next week sure I certainly feel sorry for Gerlie looking out on seeing me this week. Will write soon.

Ancient Capital, Religious and Intellectual Centre for Centuries, Has the Historic Kremlin as Its Heart

which all accorded with his plans, that forced Peter the Great to abandon Moscow and establish a new capital at what is now Petrograd. This was in the early years of the eighteenth century. During the next hundred years Moscow became the seat of opposition to the Czar, a ruler and discontented opposition rather than open revolt.

Lying on the northern edge of what has been called the richest agricultural territory in the world, the famous black belt of Russia, it has always been the peculiar centre and sacred home of the peasant classes, who comprise more than nine-tenths of the people of Russia. Ignorant as the peasants are, they have a certain sturdiness of character and independence of view which centuries of iron rule have not been able to repress. All that made Moscow a menace to the despotic czars, that forced Peter the Great to move his capital, will under the new conditions make for a stable and sane government.

It was not restlessness or mere discontent that made Moscow a thorn in the side of czarism, but a clear understanding of the rights of the people and a determination to obtain a fair share of those rights. The revolts of the past have been led by the local nobility, who as a rule were quite as much imbued with these ideas as the peasantry. It is in this condition which holds the promise of the future.

Russia's Great Mart.

In a commercial sense it is difficult to conceive of a more favorable situation than that of Moscow. It is the great exchange mart of Russia. Six railroads centre there, and it is the meeting point of all the trade currents of Russia, the natural destination of the products of Siberia and China, as well as the marvellously rich country of the Ukraine, to the south, and the wealth of raw material, lumber, furs, etc., from the north.

In the great recreation of the country, which is certain to follow the war, Moscow is destined to play the most important part. Even before the war nearly one-quarter of all the freight carried by the railroads of European Russia was loaded or unloaded in Moscow.

For more than 600 years Moscow has occupied a dominant position in trade and it is certain that she will strengthen this position under the new conditions. This removal of the capital to St. Petersburg and Petrograd in 1703 affected Moscow's trade badly for a time, especially her manufactures, but she recovered her head and built up her industries until now she is the principal manufacturing city in the country, employing more than 100,000 operatives in her numerous mills and factories, nearly half of them in the textile industries. The reestablishment of Moscow as the seat of Government will greatly accelerate this movement.

As it is Moscow, cities a practical monopoly of the Russian trade in grain, beans and oil, which come up from the south for distribution over the whole vast extent of the country; in tea, coming from China by way of Siberia, in sugar, of which it is the refining centre, in groceries of all kinds, which it distributes over half of Russia, and all of these rates, timber, wool, lumber and wooden ware, metals, all that vast reservoir of raw materials which is destined to make Russia in the ages to come one of the wealthiest nations of the world, in almost exactly the same way that the same result was brought about by similar causes in the United States, but with this difference: that the natural undeveloped wealth of Russia far exceeds that of the United States.

Peasants Hold the Power.

One of the most striking features of Moscow to the visitor from outside is the great development of community industries in the numerous villages about the city, some of which have been established and flourishing since the fifteenth century and retain much of the quaint flavor of antiquity. In these villages all kinds of articles of luxury and utility are made by home workers whose skill is inherited from a long line of artisans who have excelled in the same crafts. For individuals and small clusters of these products, wonderful fabrics, beautiful carvings in ivory, wood and the precious metals, marvellous inlaying of the semi-precious stones, like the famed inlaid work, cannot be surpassed.

Of the total population of the city, which is approximately 1,000,000, nearly one-third live in the suburbs. Moscow itself is not known by that name in Russia; indeed, the average Russian would not know what was meant by Moscow if he heard the word. To him the city is Moskva.

The river which traverses it has the same name. It is a soft river, Moskva or the name, but to every one outside of Russia the city is known by its Germanized name, Moscow. It lies on the border of the region between the Obi and Volga rivers which was the cradle of Russian nationality.

With its picturesque suburbs and many beautiful parks it covers an area of about forty square miles. Perhaps the worst of the numerous disasters that Moscow has suffered in its long existence was in 1812. On September 14 Napoleon's army occupied the Kremlin. The same night the city was set afire by the Russians, through carelessness, it is said, and most of it was destroyed.

But the burning of the city served as a signal to arouse the peasants. Centennial attacks by Cossacks and peasants finally forced Napoleon on October 19 to evacuate the city and begin the retreat which ranks as one of the greatest disasters in military history.

The peasants, now as then, hold the power. Once aroused they can do what they will. The problem is to arouse them, and the transfer of the seat of government to the city that has always been distinctly their capital is a long step in that direction.